The Real Husbands of Sarmatia

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The Real Husbands of Sarmatia

by TigerPrawn

Summary

Previously on The Real Husbands of Sarmartia:

Galahad, 29

"Tristan?" Galahad makes a point of rolling his eyes for the camera. "I mean, okay, he's good at his job. I'll give him that. But why does he spend the whole day in those short shorts? Okay, so it gets hot around here. But then why doesn't he get a haircut if it's so hot? Well, I guess it is hot and he's out by the pool… getting wet. With the pool water."

Galahad's phone bleeps.

"Wait…" He frowns at his phone. "What the fuck is goat yoga?"

::*Close up of goats bleating*::

Notes

My entry for the 2019 Hannibal Reel Fest

the Real Husbands OF SARMATIA

AO3: TigerPrawn

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Galahad's phone bleeps.

"Wait…" He frowns at his phone. "What the fuck is goat yoga?"

::*Close up of goats bleating*::

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EPISODE 4

Lance, 31

"I'm still not sure what to make of Galahad. He's… I mean, many of us are entrepreneurs, we're not all relying on our wives. But he's single, self made. Is he trying to find a wife? Is he looking for an eligible someone at this level of society?" Lance shakes his head, eyes narrowing at the camera.

"I don't know. He's… a little odd. Bors and I invited him to yoga and he declined. Not all that politely. What is his deal?"

::*Pull away shot of the city of Sarmatia from day to night and into-*::

The White Party, Arthur's House

"Gal! You came, it's so nice to see you!" Arthur stepped forward to shake hands and Guinevere follows to do the same.

Galahad looks uncomfortable but is clearly trying to appear gracious as he glances around at the lavish and bizarre party. Arthur looks him over, appraising the outfit.

"Well, it is white." Arthur jokes when it's clear that Galahad has caught his appraisal.

Galahad frowns, looking down at his own white wife-beater vest and just off-white, almost cream coloured board shorts.

"I didn't have white shoes," Galahad offers as both their eyes move to his navy blue flip flops. Arthur gives a weak smile.

::*Cut away to interview.*::

Arthur, 40

"This is our tenth year hosting the White Party, and we always think it's a great way to welcome new people to the neighbourhood."

Arthur smiles.

"Galahad? Well… he seems nice. We… didn't want to exclude him but, we're not sure how much of a fit he is yet for this group of people. Though he and Bors might get along I suppose..."

::*Cut back to Galahad standing alone at the White Party, third drink in hand.::*

::Cut away to interview.::

Galahad

"It wasn't planned, this move. I feel a bit like a fish out of water really. My uncle gave me some money to invest in my business. It took off and I guess I'm wealthy now. I wasn't exactly expecting to inherit his Sarmatian Hills mansion, but here I am." Galahad looks about him at the house that is still somewhat unfamiliar to him.

"Do you know what it takes to have a house like this? I mean… I have to employ staff, to just make sure the garden doesn't become a jungle for one thing. That's not something I'd ever expected to do in my life. The pool is… well… with fall coming and all the leaves blowing about, I practically have Tristan here every day now…" Galahad drifts into his thoughts before sharply looking back at camera.

"I mean, any pool boy. It doesn't have to be Tristan. I could find another. My uncle used to employ him… Everyone in the neighbourhood does. It isn't… a preference of any kind." Gal's eyes dart around the room. He clears his throat. "Anyway. I guess I'll have plenty of people with houses too big for them to commiserate with at this, uh… white party?"

Galahad frowns, looks down at the invitation in his hand.

“I have to wear all white?”

::*Cut back to Galahad at the White Party, sitting alone by the pool with legs dangling over the side. Close up of the lonely flip flops next to him.*::

“Enjoying the party?”

Galahad looks up at the man towering over him. Bors, another neighbour. His accent is rough and despite being in an all white, tailored linen suit, he doesn’t appear to have the same snobbery as many of the other residents of Sarmatian Hills.

“The alcohol is top notch,” Galahad replies with a nod to his glass and a wry smile. It really was the best thing he could say about a party where the point seems to be showing off who has spent the most money on their outfits and accessories.

He overheard Guinevere saying that her sunglasses - practically useless as the sun was down a couple of hours after the party started - cost her over 25,000 ingots.

Galahad raises a brow as Bors rolls up his trousers and takes a seat beside him, allowing his legs to dangle into the pool.

"How are you Gal? Can I call you Gal?" Bors asks as he sloshes his legs back and forth. The man is clearly drunk, eyes red and speech a little slurred.

"Everyone does," Galahad replies in a defeated tone.

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

"I don't know who started this whole thing. I've never been called Gal in my life before I moved here and suddenly everyone decided that was my name," He lets out an annoyed grumble, "are they just too lazy to say my whole name or have they just collectively decided that they wanted to change my name?"

Galahad thinks for a moment then looks directly at camera. "That's it exactly. Isn't it? I bet they even had a fucking brunch to chat it over. Where can I watch back footage from previous episodes?"

::*Cut back to Galahad at the pool, suffering in silence as Bors talks and laughs loudly.*::

"You and me though Gal, we're the same. Self made. Not like some of these daft appeths. I can help you, you know… settle in to life here. It's fucking great once you get used to it. Just… try to ride out the pretension. I mean… you ever hear that money can't buy everything? Ok but it can buy a lot," Bors laughs so loudly it echoes around the pool area. "And you know… I'm always here if you want some… private guidance."

When Bor's hand then slides along Galahad's thigh, Galahad reacts automatically. He pushes the hand away with such force that Bors' bottle of beer in his other hand flies off. There is silence when it smashes against the opposite side of the pool, people disperse as the glass shatters into the water and all eyes turn to Galahad.

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

"Anyone that calls me Galahad? Yeah, um… I mean, Tristan does," Galahad mumbles, following up quickly with, "Only because I insisted he stopped calling me sir. And… it's not like we talk all that much!"

Galahad clears his throat.

"I mean, sometimes he'll stay and chat a bit when I bring out iced coffees once he's finished with the pool. I did bring out lemonade initially, but then one day he mentioned how he didn't have chance to grab a coffee, and… Has it become a routine? I mean… No. Not a, no. Just, you know. Iced coffee every morning after he's cleared the pool. It doesn't mean anything."

Galahad clears his throat. Again.

::*Cut back to the every staring in shock at the pool, now filled with glass*::

Galahad takes the opportunity created by the commotion over the breakage to grab another drink. He stands with a drink in hand when Tristan arrives, short shorts and all.

For a moment it looks like Galahad might drop his glass, but clenches his fist instead. His jaw too.

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

"I mean… I'm not trying to criticise, but he really does wear short shorts. *Short!* shorts!"

::*Cut back to Tristan removing glass from the pool whilst the party resumes*::

"You, uh, don't have to do that," Galahad points out when he gets back to the pool. To collect the flip flops he'd left there, no other reason he claims. After all he thinks he should probably stumble home soon given that he has perhaps had one or three too many.

Tristan looks up and flashes Galahad a knowing grin, as though completely unsurprised that Galahad made a point to talk to him,

"Hi Galahad," is all he says before turning back to removing the last of the glass.

"They… they shouldn't be able to call you out after hours like this," Galahad protests again.

"They didn't," Tristan says as he pulls himself out of the pool, shorty shorts now soaked through and clinging tightly to him, not that Galahad notices at all, "Arthur called me to ask if I'd come out first thing, but I said I'd come now."

"Well… I…." Galahad considers, "I hope they are paying you well for the call out."

Tristan huffs a little laugh and shakes his head, not at the query but clearly at Galahad's worry. That seems clear to Galahad, and he huffs at the words.

"Sorry for taking an interest," Galahad slurs the words a little and Tristan frowns.

"Galahad," Tristan protests and reaches for him.

Which is exactly when Galahad loses his footing.

::Cut away to interview::

Bors, 47

"Yeah, we're all pretty sure Gal is gay.

I know he inherited the place but it's not exactly a straight part of town. Well, a good mix of people you know?" Bors spoke thoughtfully.

"Me? No, I mean… sort of. Vanora and I are both bi. Sometimes we like to play with a third when the kids are out of town visiting their grandparents. And Gal, well… he's easy on the eye. I can definitely see what Tristan sees in him." Bors grins and winks.

"Are you kidding? That man is smitten. Used to be a time when you could barely get two words out of him. Now? Spends half the time cleaning our pool just chattering on about Galahad this, Galahad that. To quote Vanora, he has no chill. Now the real question is, is Gal gay? And is he interested? Vanora and I definitely have an opening for the weekend," Bors lets out a long belly laugh.

::*Cut back to Tristan and Galahad talking at the side of the pool, many other partygoers watching with scandalised interest*::

Galahad's foot shoots out from under him and there's no way to save himself. Tristan makes a grab for him and this just results in them clinging to each other as they both land with a splash in the pool.

There is a mixture of laughs and gasps from the crowd that is now drawing closer to the pool as the men finally resurfaced. Tristan's expression unreadable but intense and Galahad looking heatedly angry.

"Perfect!" Galahad exclaims, shrugging himself from Tristan's grasp. All eyes on him as he pulls his white clad and now very transparently clothed self from the pool and back towards the bar. He grabs a bottle of wine and storms into the house.

"Why is he such a little brat?" Tristan mutters under his breath and goes after Galahad.

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COMING UP

::*Cut away to Galahad grunting as Tristan manhandles him onto a wide couch, leaning in over his prone body*::

*

::*Cut to::*

The White Party, Arthur's House

Galahad storms through the house in search of the front door, his intention is to leave and take the ridiculously expensive wine with him, and get good and drunk in an attempt to forget the

humiliation of the evening.

“Galahad, wait…” Tristan calls after him as he enters the house, close enough to see Galahad exit through the front door, leaving it swinging open as he makes his way back to his own mansion.

::*Pull away shot of the Sarmatian Hills. Sweeping shot from Arthur’s house to Galahad’s house*::

Galahad doesn’t bother with the front door of his house, instead he lets himself in around the side and into the garden where he heads straight to the pool and sits on the nearest lounger.

“Galahad?”

It is obvious that Galahad tries not to perk up when he hears Tristan’s voice.

“Are you here? Can I come in?”

Galahad huffs a sigh and sounds begrudging when he replies, “What do you want? Isn’t it enough that you embarrassed me by throwing me into the pool?”

“Throwing you?” Tristan balks at Galahad as he rounds the corner of the house to the pool in time to see Galahad down almost half the bottle of wine.

He clearly can’t help but rush over and take the bottle from Galahad. They give each other stern glances.

“I was drinking that!”

Tristan shakes his head, “How old are you? Twenty-one? Twenty-two? Old enough not to drink like a teenager. Silly little pup.” He practically growls the words.

“I’m twenty-nine!” Galahad replies, outraged as he gets to his feet and squares himself up to Tristan, swaying a little as the alcohol starts to take effect.

“You should definitely know better then!” Tristan’s reply is soft though still stern.

“What do you care?” Galahad challenges, pressing his finger to Tristan’s chest. “I was just trying to be nice to you and you… you…”

Galahad’s words trail off as Tristan takes hold of his finger and pulls it to his mouth, sucking it gently between his lips.

“What did I do pup?” Tristan asks, voice low.

Galahad swallows a whimper and opens his mouth to speak, to protest, to shout… to… vomit.

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

“I need to make sure I don’t drink too much. I have this habit when I’m nervous of having a few too many then passing out or throwing up, or both. I can’t imagine I’m going to be exactly comfortable in a house full of rich, almost strangers, who I just happen to live next to and… it’s going to be stressful. I probably shouldn’t go.”

“A date? I… I guess I could take a plus one. I don’t really know anyone around here.” Galahad’s eyes dart around nervously.

“Tristan? The pool boy… Um, no… not the… I mean, it’s not his thing. Is it? He won’t be there? Will he? No…” Galahad lets out a nervous laugh and wipes his sweaty palms on his trouser legs.

::*Cut away to Galahad grunting as Tristan manhandles him onto a wide couch, leaning in over his prone body*::

“No…” Galahad protests as Tristan manages to lug him from poolside into the sunroom and onto the stupidly luxurious couch.

“Pup, you just threw up in your pool, which I’m not taking care of right now by the way. And you’re practically passing out. I’m going to leave you here and get you some water. And then…” Tristan’s growled words soften, “Then it looks like I’m going to sit here all night and make sure you don’t choke on your own vomit.”

Galahad groans again as Tristan bodily moves him up the couch so he’s on it completely.

“Stayyyyy…” Galahad groans, trying to take hold of Tristan. He manages to get enough of a handful of shirt to pull Tristan down and try to kiss him, almost entirely missing his mouth.

Tristan chuckles and shakes his head, pulling away until Galahad has nothing to hold onto and flops onto the couch.

Tristan begins to walk towards the kitchen, “I’m flattered pup, but I don’t like kissing people who might not be aware that they are kissing me. Feel free to try that again sometime when you’re sober”.

By the time Tristan gets back from the kitchen with some water, Galahad is asleep.

::*Pull away shot of the sun rising over the mansions of Sarmatian Hills*::

Galahad’s House, morning after the White Party

Galahad wakes with a slamming headache and a mouth that feels like he has a loofah for a tongue.

“Ughhh,” He groans as he opens his eyes and blinks.

He is wrapped in a throw blanket from one of the pool loungers and his head is pillowed neatly against something fleshy but solid.

Galahad looks up to discover Tristan is propped up, asleep on the couch with Galahad’s head in his lap.

It takes Galahad a moment to react as he is too busy trying to control the full body shudder that might make him vomit again.

Again!

Galahad groans and shuts his eyes at the memory of having just avoided vomiting on Tristan the night before. Between that and the pool incident at Arthur’s - which was all coming back to him in horrific flashes of memory - he’s not sure when he’s ever felt more mortified.

He's quiet as he pulls the blanket back and gently creeps from the couch, leaving Tristan sleeping there.

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

"Well it was a disaster, obviously. I didn't think things could get worse than goat yoga in this insane place, and yet, here we are. I slept with my head in the lap of the pool boy who I barely avoided vomiting on after we fell into a pool at a party full of insane rich people. And then of course once I came back from the bathroom he was gone so… Wait! Did… Did I try to kiss him?"

Galahad's breath comes in short, sharp puffs.

"Am I seeing him again? He's meant to be cleaning my pool tomorrow. I'm not even sure he's going to turn up. He'll probably give notice." Galahad slaps his hand to his forehead and lets out a groan. "Has anyone got any aspirin?"

::*Pull away shot of the still waters of Galahad's pool, small traces of vomit float innocuously by*::

Galahad's House, two days after the White Party

Galahad waits in the sunroom. Tristan usually lets himself in through the side gate and just gets to work. And usually Galahad watches him from a less noticeable place as his toned and tanned legs strut the pool's edge.

This time Galahad is waiting and ready, iced coffees on a tray without waiting to come out and ask if Tristan would like one.

He watches as Tristan assesses the pool and no doubt realises that Galahad did his best to clean out the vomit. He'd spent damn near the whole of the day before doing it, and only just managing not to throw up again.

He was sure he saw a faint smile on Tristan's face, which made it all worthwhile.

"Galahad?" Tristan calls towards the house as he looks over, almost causing Galahad to drop the tray and hide behind the couch. He can't help but let his eyes roam over Tristan's form - his overshirt wafts in the breeze, barely hiding the tight vest underneath and the… shorts. Galahad lets out a shuddering breath, those tight shorts.

Galahad clears his throat and steels himself before walking out to the pool.

"Oh, hey. Um, coffee?" Galahad tries to play it cool. As casual as possible in his thigh length robe, only underwear beneath, as though Tristan has just caught him at his morning routine. As though he hasn't been up waiting nervously for an hour or two.

Tristan smiles and takes one of the glasses from the tray before Galahad sets it down on the little poolside table.

"How are you feeling today?"

"I uh, I'm okay…" Galahad tries to hide his wince. When he'd seen Tristan arrive he'd hoped they might pretend it all never happened.

“Well, in that case, I guess we should talk about a few things-” Tristan starts but is cut off.

“The thing at the White Party? I didn’t mean to… I wasn’t trying to… and then I fell in and it wasn’t your fault. I was drunk and…”

“No, the-”

“Nearly vomiting on you? Gods I don’t… I’m so sorry, I-”

“Pup, I was talking about the-”

“Falling asleep in your lap?” Galahad winces, “I don’t even remember-”

“No, the bit before that,” Tristan corrects with a grin as he steps into Galahad’s space and puts a finger under his chin.

Galahad isn’t entirely certain what’s happening for the briefest of moments and then Tristan tilts his face up and presses his mouth softly against Galahad’s.

::Cut away to interview::

Gawain, 30

“I’m not saying I was shocked. Clearly there was some chemistry between those idiots. And I say idiots, because it seems to have taken them more time than should be reasonable to realise it. It’s like the bloody plot of a romcom or something! And don’t think Galahad was the first to try and get in Tristan’s shorts!” Gawain chuckled and winked.

“Pretty sure Varona gave him a good groping once too,” He added thoughtfully, “Maybe that’s why he doesn’t clean their pool anymore…”

::*Cut back to Tristan and Galahad kissing, poolside*::

Galahad is so lost in the moment that it takes him a hot second to protest the tongue that has just slipped into his mouth.

He pushes Tristan back with firm but gentle hands to his well defined chest.

“Wait… I… I kinda feel like I’m mad at you,” Galahad says as he tries to recall all the memories of the White Party.

Tristan chuckles warmly, playing his fingers in the hair at the nape of Galahad’s neck despite the little distance between them.

“I think you’re just a little puppy who wants attention but doesn’t want to admit it.” Tristan growls.

Galahad whimpers and let’s his hands slide up around Tristan neck.

“I feel like we’re going to argue, a lot.” Galahad mutters against Tristan’s lips.

“To the winner the spoils,” Tristan rumbles the words and kisses Galahad again, slipping a hand inside the boy’s robe.

::*Cut away to interview.*::

Arthur, 40

“Actually, no I wasn’t surprised when Tristan said he’d come clear the pool that night. I sent him a message whilst I still remembered, and he phoned me almost immediately back. Which I thought was fantastic service of him, and I will be compensating him for that. It was as he was asking what the situation was, whether there were many people in the pool. Near the pool. Wanting to use the pool, and such, that Guinevere shouted out ‘tell him Galahad’s here in booty shorts’. Then he said he’d be right over.” Arthur rolls his eyes good naturedly.

“Clearly there is some appeal to booty shorts that I’m not aware of. And actually I think they were board shorts...”

::*Cut back to Tristan and Galahad, poolside - on a lounger*::

Galahad is writhing against Tristan with absolutely zero control over these actions, as Tristan kisses him deeply.

Tristan’s overshirt is floating in the pool, the top of his shorts unbuttoned, flashing bushy pubes. Galahad’s robe is now pushed down over his shoulders and one arms has managed to work free.

“Please,” Galahad whines against Tristan’s mouth, “I want you so bad…”

Tristan pulls back and looks down at Galahad beneath him. Both of them are tenting their clothes and clearly both in desperate need of release.

Galahad feels Tristan shudder before he begins to pull Galahad’s underwear down and off. He slings the fabric over his shoulder and it joins the shirt in the pool.

“Pup…” Tristan lets out a shaky breath before pushing himself back up the lounger to take Galahad’s cock in his mouth.

“Oh fuck!” Galahad trembles at the shock as much as the sensation and fists his hands into Tristan’s hair. He tries oh so hard not to thrust up into Tristan’s mouth. “More…” Galahad moans as he reaches for one of Tristan’s hands and begins to guide it to his aching hole.

Tristan pulls back, pulling off of Galahad’s cock with a wet pop.

“How much more?”

“Fuck me, please Tristan. I’ve wanted you inside me since the first day I saw those fucking shorts wrapped tight around your package.” Galahad’s words spill from him with no regrets.

“I don’t have-” Tristan starts to respond, breathless.

“Robe pocket.” Galahad exhales the words.

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

“Yeah, I mean… He’s okay?” Galahad shrugged, “nice to look at…” He looks off into the middle distance, wistful as if imagining the poolboy’s shorts.

::*Cut back to Tristan and Galahad, poolside - on a lounger...*::

“Oh fuck, Tris, fuck… right there…” Galahad can barely talk as the breath is knocked from him on each hard thrust.

“Unng… fuck me…” Galahad cries out, as he tries to reach for any bit of Tristan’s skin that he can touch. He ends up with and handful of vest and starts to try and pull it over Tristan’s head before giving up with it only as far as his shoulders.

Mostly because Tristan manages to nail his prostate and he temporarily loses control of his mind and most of the muscles in his body.

Tristan grunts above him as he continues to hammer at his prize. This does not help Galahad regain his composure at all.

“Oh fuck. Fuck. fuck. Fuuuuuuuuckkk…” Galahad cries out as his cock exploded, practically hosing down between them as he comes untouched.

Tristan grunts, his forehead pressed against Galahad’s as he spills inside him.

They pant against each other for long minutes, until Tristan finally begins to soften and he pulls out whilst Galahad winces.

“That felt so good,” Galahad groans and relaxes boneless into the lounger.

Tristan hums his agreement as he pulls off the filled condom and looks around for somewhere to trash it. He had no plans to clean that shit out of the filtration system if it fell in the pool.

*

Next on The Real Husbands of Sarmartia:

Gawain

“Gal and the pool boy? Yeah there’s definitely something going on there. Months now! Since the White Party at least. Pool boy? Pool man? The guy’s gotta be ten years older than Gal… But those shorts!”

::*Cut to Tristan’s shorts floating in Galahad’s pool, laughter can be heard in the background::*

::Cut away to interview::

Arthur

“Oh yes, there’s definitely something between them. We live right next door and, sometimes sound um…” Arthur pauses, choosing his words, “Look, all I’m saying is if that wasn’t Tristan screaming out for Gal to fuck him harder last night, then there must be someone around here with a very similar accent!”

::*Cut to night time - the open windows of Galahad's house with moans and grunts issuing from within::*

::Cut away to interview::

Galahad

"Tristan? He's okay. I mean, sure he, um… He's nice…" Galahad's face turns red right to the tips of his ears.

::*Cut to the sun rising over Galahad's house - the windows open, soft muttering and kissy noises can be heard within::*

"I love you…" The words were breathy.

"I love you too."

::Cut away to interview::

Tristan

"No comment."

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